

Chapter 153

Ava closed her eyes when she felt Zeke's pain mixing with her own.

“Move.”

The guard behind her nudged her, causing her to stumble, but she righted herself quickly and continued walking down the hallway.

“Faster, human,” the guard said, and then he grabbed her arm and half pulled, half dragged her the rest of the way.

This was no school. The Council could dress the academy up all they wanted, but it took more pride in the training than the academic side. And now, with the Council soldiers manhandling students, there was no way they could hide it.

When she entered the dean's offices. Penelope was already looking right at her. She wasn't typing and ignoring her as she usually did. Her allure felt different. It was still strong, it still drew her towards the woman, but it didn't feel threatening.

Penelope looked at the guard who came in beside her and then at his tight grip on her arm. And that was when she felt the full force of the vampire's nature.

“That’s unnecessary. Let her go.” Penelope said.

The guard did as he was told, She knew it was because of Penelope’s gifts, not because he had just realized he was being a douche for no reason

She rubbed her arm. There would be finger-shaped bruises on it before long, but hopefully, they would heal before Zeke saw them.

Like she had healed overnight from her trip into the forest. She wasn’t complaining, but how could she still not feel her wolf after that?

She pushed those thoughts aside because they were pointless now and looked down at her scuffed shoes. Penelope wasn’t a wolf, but she was still ranked higher than her. As a human, they were all ranked higher than her. And the dean had made it so she had to lower her gaze even to Emily, the cowardly Omega she had beaten in front of the whole school.

“You can leave.” Penelope said.

When they were alone, Penelope told her to sit down.

“The dean has been called away for some last-minute preparations for the visitors.” Penelope said. “Someone messed up some orders, and the accommodation wasn’t allocated properly. I think he will be too busy trying to fix that to worry about you too much the next few days.”

She looked up at the vampire as she sat down. How she said it made her think it had been done intentionally. By her?

“I assume you know who the preparations are for?” Penelope asked.

She wasn't supposed to. Mr. Patrick had told her in confidence, so why would Penelope assume anything? Did she know what was going on? She nodded. There was no point denying anything now. The Council was coming, and she was out of time.

“You're going to have to find yourself, Ava. Find out who you are before the Council decides for you,” Penelope said. “They always take the promising ones. The ones who can one day bring them down.”

Had she been talking to Mr. Patrick? He said other people like him were hiding from the Council. Was she one of them?

She was about to ask when Penelope raised a finger to her lips and pulled her keyboard closer. A minute later, the door opened, and the dean strolled in.

He paused when he saw her, and his cold eyes speared her to the spot. Did the dean hate her more for being human or because she'd humiliated some Alphas? Humiliated him?

She lowered her gaze immediately even though everything in her told her to look that bastard in the eye. But she didn't know what was coming for next, so the last thing she wanted to do was to piss off an egomaniac in a powerful position.

“In my office now, Miss Morgan.”

She stood quickly to follow even though she knew he would send her down to Isolation. Penelope’s words gave her a little hope that this would be over soon. How would Zeke react now that they were mated? Would he try to tear the place down?

The thought of what they would do to him forced her to keep calm, forced her to push her emotions down, as she had been doing all day. If he could sense her feelings as easily as she could sense his, she had to protect him from them. Zeke was already in danger from the Council because he was her mate.

She was about to take a seat when the dean spoke.

“I didn’t tell you to sit down, Miss Morgan.”

She bit her tongue to stop herself from speaking and straightened her body. It was funny how his presence no longer made her tremble. The dean was not the danger when feared.

“I’m sure you know why you’re here,” the dean started, making himself comfortable in his chair and pulling a folder towards him.

“Not really, sir,” she answered.

“I find that hard to believe. You’ve been an insufferable pain since you arrived here, and then you dared to act like you were above reproach when you brought your father to see me,” the dean growled. “This is my

academy, and you still have to follow the rules, the same way your father had to follow the rules when he attended.”

She still focused on her shoes, but in her peripheral vision, she saw him shuffle some papers and close the folder before he opened it again. He was agitated. Something was bothering him that had nothing to do with her. Penelope had been right.

“You dared to put your filthy hands on an Alpha,” he continued. “You think just because your father is who he is and Mr. Michelson has taken a shine to you, you can do what you want here. That is not how things work.”

She didn’t say anything because she was supposed to take it all without complaining. That was how this school worked. It taught the students to be separated instead of bringing them together. She couldn’t fight such a system. It had won.

“You are lucky the Alpha withdrew this complaint against you, or you would have been going to Isolation for a week despite what your father said,” the dean growled again.

The Alpha! As in one Alpha? Had he not heard about Zeke’s dad, then?

A little hope flared inside her before she remembered Isolation would have been the safer place for her right now. What was waiting for her outside was her nightmare brought to life, and she didn’t want to face that at all.

“I’m removing you from your duties as Alpha Ezekiel’s Omega. You are to report back to your kitchen duties starting tomorrow,” the dean said. Her stomach bottomed out. This man was set on breaking her completely. It felt like the dean was slicing a part of her soul away.

“You will stay away from Alpha Ezekiel and his pack, or I will throw you in Isolation for a week,” he continued. “And while we’re on that subject, I will keep track of your detentions. If you have any more, I will send a recommendation to the Council for more severe punishment. I will not have you make a fool of me.”

The dean stood as he said this.

“Do I make myself clear, Miss Morgan!” he snarled.

“Yes, sir,” she whispered.

The final nail in her coffin. Separated completely from her mate while she awaited her fate. Which would get her first? Claire or the Council? Why had Mr. Patrick thought she even stood a chance in the first place?